

In-Experienced(Rewrite)

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Summary: There exists a world where the Yeerks are trusted... that's all gonna change. A/N: SERIOUS REWRITES!!

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The Difference

Prologue (Sarah)

I'm Sarah. Simply, plainly Sarah. Unfortunately for the rest of the world, my name is the only thing plain about me. I've grown up around some _weird_ stuff, believe me. Things you would never see in your world. But the advances come with a price. When the Yeerks came to us, we couldn't fight. Then again, when the Yeerks came to us, they weren't the evil. We were. Completely over ruled by our own hatred. The Yeerks, in short, saved us from our own destruction.

Then they started their own.

Okay... I'm seriously gonna backtrack on ya', so stick with me. First of all, I'm not from your world. Not 'your world' as in your planet. More along the lines of your dimension. So, generally, I could tell you every last detail the others can't. But I won't. The war still rages, and some things from my world carry over.

The Animorphs were written as sort of a memorial kinda thing, I guess, to the people who died in the fight between Earth and the Yeerks. No Andalite intervene this time folks. We had to deal our way out of slavery. Now every two out of three people are controllers. I'm not, so keep your pants on. I'm just one of those considered unlucky by the controllers and lucky by my fellow free humans.

And yet, our numbers dwindle. Slowly, the free humans who won't turn are being wiped out, one by one. No one seems to put two and two

together that many of the seemingly natural, but violent, recent deaths were all free human beings.

Trust me, not a good thing.

"Sarah!" I whirled around and saw Alay, one of my best friends (and free as well), running up the street towards me. She had a small braid in front of her face, dyed blue. I shook my head.

"When did you do this?" I said, flicking it with the pen in my hand.

"Last night. Anyway, look!" She thrust a paperback book in my hand. There was a picture of Jake, morphing, on the front. The two-word title said 'The End'.

"And?"

"It's the last book, you dumb blonde!" she said. "The last of the Animorphs."

"And?" I was beginning to get the realization. Either they had killed K.A. Applegate (A/N: Ahhh! When did I write that?!) or the publishers were controllers and both ways, the hope of an entire planet was about to crash and burn into fiery wreckage.

I love being descriptive.

"Oh, for the sake of- never mind." She stalked off and I still had the book in my hands. Might as well read it, I thought, starting to walk after her. A few minutes later, I wished I had stayed home that day.

The scenery slowly shifted around me, nothing new. It went from quiet little suburb to deserted forest path to bustling city. 'Stera' said a wooden sign alongside the highway. You know your grandparents occasionally break out into fits of 'When I was your age, I had to walk fifteen miles through seven foot snow to go to the bathroom'? Well, welcome to Stera. In the middle of nowhere, about the size of my little finger and it still takes all day to get from point A to B because everywhere in between is teeming with people. Roughly (at this point in time) sixty-eight percent of them carried Yeerks in their head, twenty-seven were free, but allies, and the other five were all part of a secret underground organization against the Yeerks.

Yet again, welcome to the happiness that is my life.

Through the crowd, I heard a small crying voice. No one else seemed to notice the child huddled up against the wall, wailing and obviously injured. I cursed the uncaring business men and women around me and knelt down.

"What's the matter?" I asked, sticking the book in my backpack and pulling out my gym shirt to try and clean up some of the blood. She had a deep gash on her forehead and another on her arm. Both were half healed, but half infected too. "What happened?"

"I... was attacked," she said between sniffs.

"Attacked? Okay, you just stay here. I'll go get one of the Hork-Bajir-"

"No!" she cried. "No! Please, I beg you."

"Why?"

"Because they are the ones that hurt me." I jerked back in surprise. Everything I had ever been taught raced through my brain and vanished completely.

"What?"

"I was going to school and they asked why I wasn't a Collaborator. I told them that I was too young to be, so the leader hit me and then they left." Getting hit by a Hork-Bajir had a tendency to hurt and she had been hurt pretty badly.

"Okay, come on." I picked her up and walked over to one of the **human** policemen. "Excuse me, this girl had an accident. Can you take her to a hospital?"

"Sure," he said, taking the girl from my arms. He had a cold glint in his eyes despite the warmth of his smile, so I backed up slowly, then turned and ran. A thousand things ran through my head, but they all gave way to one question: What in the world was happening?

By the time my strength ran out, I was back in the forest. I collapsed against a tree, breathing heavy. Who... why? What would make them do this? It had to be some random acts of treachery against the Council of Thirteen. Surely it wasn't all of them...

Oh, god, no. Seerow... it was happening all over again...

"No," I whispered. "Nononono. Please, there has to be some way to stop this." Who was I talking to who, anyway? There wasn't anybody in the forest other than me-

"You're the only one with the power to prevent this from going further." I jumped to my feet and whirled around, trying to find the source of the voice. "Don't worry about what you can't see, Sarah. Trust your ears. There is something very very wrong with your world, isn't there? And you're the only one who can stop it."

"Me? Why me?" I said. "Who are you?"

"You only need to know I want to help." I didn't believe him, it, whoever, but I had no choice.

"What do you want from me? What can I do to stop this?"

"There is a world where all the Yeerks have descended to evil. In that world, six children, human and not, fight the evil. I can give you their strengths and send you there to fight. The evil must be stopped there before it can be stopped here."

"Descended to evil..." I repeated, slowly figuring it out. "You mean the Animorphs? You want me to become an Animorph?"

"If you want to save your world." The voice now had a body to go with

it. A man, about as old as my mother, with black hair and black eyes. He had the same icy look in them as the police officer, but when he smiled, they lost their hardness.

"What... do I have to do?" I asked hesitantly.

"Only promise that you'll fight until I say you have done your job." He held out his hand and I took a deep breath.

"Will I ever come back?"

"Of course, Sarah, of course." Every part of me screamed there was something seriously wrong with this guy, but what choice did I have? I shook his hand.

"It has begun," he said as I passed out.

Chapter 1

"Sarah..."

"Sarah..."

"Wake up!" I bolted up with a yell. The people around me jerked back, then one of them laughed.

"I think she's up," he said with a grin.

"Shut up, Marco," said the blonde girl on my left. "Sarah, are you alright? You got hit back there pretty hard." Marco. Marco? Oh no, that guy wasn't kidding. So the blonde must be Rachel, the guy with the light hair, Jake, and the other girl Cassie. Ax and Tobias registered too, but there were only four people around me.

"Yeah... I'm fine," I said. "What's going on?"

"You were a little side tracked," said Marco with another grin. "By a tree branch."

"Huh?"

"Something hit you and you flew into a tree," said Jake. I nodded, carefully because I was getting a headache. They weren't... they thought I was one of them. Wait a minute. I flew into a tree branch?

Now this was getting bizarre.

"Okay, I'm okay," I muttered, trying to stand up. "I've lost my mind, but I'm okay."

"You had a mind?" said Marco. I glared at him. He reminded me, unfortunately, of Allie, one of my other friends back... wherever home was.

"Can you morph?" asked Cassie.

"To what?"

"To what, she asks," said Marco, throwing up his hands. "Bird of

prey, duh."

"Don't start with me, Marco," I said coolly. "You'd be surprised how quickly I can kick your ass."

"Keep it up, Marco," said Rachel with a smile. "This I gotta see."

"Calm down. Marco, stop being an idiot. Sarah, Kestrel is your bird of prey morph. Can you do it?" said Jake. I shrugged.

"Your guess is as good as mine," I said. I closed my eyes and pictured a Kestrel. My arms started itching and when I reached up to scratch them, I felt a slight raise in my skin. It was too much to open my eyes. Until I felt something else in the back of my mind. A calm, predatory sense. _Then_ I opened my eyes. The forest floor was so much closer and I could make out the tracks of a small animal. It had just been through here. Maybe I could find it...

Um, no? said a voice in my head. _You're Sarah, remember?_ Sarah... that was my name? I _was_ Sarah, wasn't I?

Whoa, I said, shaking myself. That's really off.

Where have you been? asked Marco in my head, _Thought speak,_ I reminded myself. _*It's just thought speak._

Where are we going anyway? I said, ignoring Marco. That would become harder, believe me, but at the moment, it was possible.

A new Yeerk Pool entrance, said Jake. We're just checking it out because of the BioFilter.

Fun, I said. I didn't say anything about there being a way to bypass the filters. Maybe it was better to conceal the fact that I wasn't exactly who they thought I was. At least for awhile.

We landed on a rooftop, one at a time. I would have to pay very close attention to where we were. If it came to it, maybe I could... no, never mind. These Yeerks were evil. Not the ones I was half used to. Quickly, I forced every bit of Yeerk Pool knowledge into my head. The Yeerks were evil. BioFilters were able to detect a being that had no Yeerk in his or her head, but it was possible to reverse that and make it search for beings _with_ Yeerks. It started as a prank, but it might come in handy.

Thank you, Allie, for being such a jackass you hauled me along on that insanity trip.

What's the plan? I asked, trying to sound really calm despite my nerves being more wound up than a spring inside of a watch. Geez, this was gonna scar me for life, eventually.

Eventually. Right.

You and I are on destruc- I mean, distraction duty, said Rachel. Battle morph and tear the place apart around the entrance while Cassie, Marco, and Jake get inside.

And how did I end up with this?

You volunteered.

That figures. I focused on being human again and kept my eyes closed until the entire thing was done. What can you do? Random people do _not_ usually get asked for such a screwed up job.

Panther, said Cassie suddenly, pausing half way through her morph. I gave her a quizzical look, but I was more surprised at the feeling that she was right. Panther _was_ my battle morph.

You know, I thought to myself. _When I find the guy that convinced me this was a good idea, I'm gonna strangle him._ _Yeah right,_ said the voice of sanity in the back of my mind. _And how will you do that? He's obviously very powerful if he can send you to another dimension _and_ give you the power to morph._

_Oh, shut up. I was kidding. Sort of. _Don't ask why I was having an argument with myself. Call it boredom. I had been raised in a war and dumped in another, so when a fight's about to happen, I'll start focusing all my concentration on that, instead of the immediate happenings around me.

"Okay," I said aloud to myself. "Here goes nothing." I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and centered my thoughts on a picture of a panther. Now, this is an interesting little fact I didn't know: Panther's are actually a darker colored Cheetah. Or Leopard. Something like that. But, so as not to confuse you, I'll keep it to a Panther morph, 'kay?

The morph happened quicker then maybe I would have liked it to. The first things to change was my hearing. Everything went from being normal sounding, except for the blood pounding in my ears, to being louder, fuller. A fly was buzzing around somewhere, and, unfortunately, there was a distinct crunching sound as my bones rearranged themselves. I felt my stomach turn, but I couldn't stand on my own anymore. Finally, the sounds of my DNA completely changing stopped and I opened my eyes. Wow! All I can seriously say is... wow! It was amazing. So far, I had seen through the eyes of one of other creature and I had been so lost in my own thoughts that I hadn't really been paying attention, but now, I was fully awake.

This kicks ass, I said to everyone, stretching in the way only a big cat can.

Don't get to used to it, said Marco. Or you'll be stuck that way.

You don't sound too disappointed, I said, facing him. He had already morphed gorilla. Maybe we should see what's stronger: a giant stuffed monkey, or a jungle predator.

Don't push me, growled Marco.

Both of you, stop it, said Jake, getting in between us in his tiger morph. Sarah, I don't know what's wrong with you today, but cool it before you get someone killed.

Geez, alright, I said, starting after Rachel who had already gone into the building. And Jake, trust me, anything you thought about me

before... is a big crock of bullshit compared to me now.

Chapter 2

Why do you still wish to fight? asked Visser Three. I cursed silently and dove at him. Your secret is out, Sarah, we know all about you. The only human among Andalites. Do you really think they plan on keeping you alive?

You'd be surprised. He stepped back, avoiding my attack.

Sarah! Be careful! yelled Rachel, slamming two Hork-Bajir together.

Hey, Rach, how big of a problem would it be if Visser Three knows I'm human?

What?!

Well, he does. Don't ask me how, but he does. The Visser disappeared into a crowd of Hork-Bajir that ran at me. I roared angrily and leaped, my teeth sinking into the throat of the first one. Two hit my back, sending shocks of pain through me, but I left the first and hit them, leaving bloody claw marks in every place I could manage. Where are you coward?! Show yourself!

No, you show yourself. Admit to the entire Yeerk empire that you truly are a human female.

Hmmm, let's think here... no? I jumped and shoved him into a wall. I _will_ not tell your brethren that I am a human.

But it's true, I can sense it in your voice. You do not talk like an Andalite.

Fine. You say I talk like a human, so here is a human phrase perfect for this situation: bite me! I leapt clear of his tail blade and was ambushed by an errant pair of Horks. I struggled to my feet as blood poured from a stump that had been my back leg. Flaming son of a-

Hold on, I gotcha, said Marco. Pretty stupid attacking Visser Three.

Yeah, well, let's say I have a personal vendetta. It wasn't technically with this Visser Three, but the one from my world. The one that had taken my sister's freedom, then her life.

Ohhhkay, whatever. Can you morph it off? He set me down on the ground and I turned my thoughts from the pain to my human body. The agony died away as did the panther's senses and form. I pushed myself off the ground and wiped dirt from my legs.

"What happened to the others?" I asked, managing a monotone. He finished demorphing before answering.

"We got separated, but they're okay. Sarah... how did Visser Three know you were human?" I shrugged, then gasped. Sharp pain rushed through my head, and I was vaguely aware of my legs collapsing beneath me. I couldn't feel anything at all in my body, only the

anguish in my head.

****_You fought well, for your first test._****

Test?

****_Test. Visser Three awaits you in your world, but it isn't time for you to return._****

Tell me, who are you? Why did you choose me?

****_I chose you because you are easily fooled._**** He laughed darkly in my mind and an image floated into my vision. A machine like creature with one, red, glowing eye. ****_You are my creation, Sarah, and you will follow my every instruction. Destroy the boy and the rest of them. I can stop the Yeerk spread in your world and save your family from... certain death._****

Hey, watch it, pal, no one threatens my family.

****_And what will you do to me? I control every aspect of you. I can even control your thoughts._****

Oh yeah, if you can control me, then why aren't I killing Marco right now?

****_The process... was cut short. I don't have complete control of you, yet. But that can all change, so you might as well get used to it._****

You know what? You can take your mind control, and shove it as far up your ass as possible. I jerked away from the mental hold he on me and opened my eyes. The pain was still present in the back of my head, but it wasn't in all of it.

"Sarah, are you alright?" asked Jake. I stood up and realized all of them had arrived, even Ax and Tobias. No, I wouldn't, not them. I had every way to kill them, and I wasn't going to do it, even if it meant my family. They were the last hope of a dying world. I wasn't going to kill them.

I stood up again, and looked at all of them. My hand clenched fist, on its own, and I punched Marco! Okay, so he deserved that, but it was all wrong!

"Stop it!" I yelled, pulling my arm back. "Damn you, bastard! I won't let you take control of body!" I bolted from the clearing, fearful of what I would do to someone else. My legs, at least were my own, but my thoughts were a totally different story.

****_You can't terminate our deal... it's too binding. Your soul is mine._****

No! No no no! Stop it! I had run out of space, hitting the edge of the city. I didn't know how long it would be until the Animorphs caught up with me and I didn't know what they'd do once they did. I couldn't explain my actions, not without either confusing them or scaring them, and either way, it could have dire consequences. _Why are you doing this to me? What have I ever done to you?_

****_You were born by my hand, a lost child in an even more lost world, _**** he said coldly. ****_And you will do as I say. _****

"HA!" I barked out loud. "Not a chance."

"Why do you wish to fight me?" He appeared from the shadows, glaring at me with human eyes full of hatred.

"I'm surprised you showed up," I said. "And you have a human form. Amazing."

"Your sharp tongue will get you killed."

"Now why would you want to kill me? Apparently I'm the only one you have to be in this."

"I can find another," he glared. "You dispendable."

"The way I see it, I'm not as dispendable as you may think." I had to stall him. There was no way he was leaving until I had a solid plan and a way to get home. "This game with the Ellimist keeps you from interfering in the lives of the Animorphs. But I'm not part of that game anymore then I'm one of them, so I have free reign to screw with them as much as I want."

"But you won't."

"Nope. Not a damn chance. Not until I get what I want."

"Why am I even discussing this with you? I can wipe you from existence-"

"You had better not." I whipped my head around and say all of the Animorphs, looking incredbily pissed, Marco and Rachel especially.

"You think you can stop me from killing her?"

"No, but I can probably kick your ass," I said, feeling my rage hit its peak. "You, Menashin, what's the difference?"

"You think I'm anything compared to that weakling?"

"Crayak, hon, your sweating," I pointed out coolly. He vanished angrily.

****_This isn't over _****

"Well, no shit."

Chapter 3

"And that's basically the whole thing," I finished. "I made one stupid ass mistake, screwed everything up, but if it's an consellation, I don't think Crayak plans on keeping me around for much longer." Jake sat back with a sigh.

"I can't believe all the memories we have of you are fake. I just can't."

"Name one memory you have of me."

"When... we were dealing with David. You and Ax were the ones that took his out to the rock in the middle of the ocean."

"Sorry, not me. It was Rachel and Ax who took him out there."

You grew up in a Yeerk society... but your a free human, said Ax slowly. I don't know why, but I trust you as far as that goes.

"I can tell you everything about the Yeerks other then what it's like to have one in your head," I told them.

"So what you said about your personal vendetta against Visser Three..." started Marco.

"Is true, but in a different sense. Like the Ax, I grew up with a very strong sense of honor in my house, even if it is screwed up in a way. Visser Three infested my sister against her will when he was just a sub visser, which brought about his immediate promotion to Visser, and then he had her killed when her usefulness to him ran out. But, since my world is Yeerked _and_ sexist, there's no way we can do anything that can be justified."

What does that mean? asked Tobias. Anything that can be justified?

"Meaning I can do everything in my power, even kill him, as long as I don't get caught."

"Wow," said Rachel. "Your world is fucked up."

"You bet. And it gets worse." I dug around in my backpack, which had somehow "magically" arrived at Cassie's barn(okay, Crayak was good for something) and pulled out "The End". "This is the last of the Animorphs books. "I don't know how these affect you, as far as dated and times and all that goes, but the end of anything is bad, unless it can be stopped."

"How does it say we die?" asked Cassie. I shrugged.

"Your guess is as good as mine. I didn't get a chance to read it yet." I opened it to somewhere in the middle and scanned the fifteenth chapter. Wait a minute, something didn't make sense. Half the page was blank. "Oh, this is gonna get bizarre," I muttered, handing it to Jake.

"What is this?" he asked. "Hey! What I just said appeared on the page!"

"I think..." I trailed off and started over. "I _know_ that history is re-writing itself. My being here must have changed something."

"Changed a lot, I'll say," said Jake, flipping forward a few pages. "Look. Some of the writing is still here. But I can barely read it."

"Here, give it to me," I said, taking it back. I went ahead some more, almost to the end. "Chapter twenty-five..." I jerked. "Whoa.

Bad news. Rachel was the first to die."

"What?!" asked Rachel angrily. "Oh, that's a load of bull. How can I be the first one to die?"

"How can I be here?" I countered. "It's irrelevant at this point in time. The fact of the matter is, you haven't died. Yet."

Yet? asked Tobias. Why the 'yet'?

"It hasn't been erased, meaning it hasn't been changed, and without the original plot of events, we can't know what killed her. The other writing is starting to go to. It's too blurry and light to read, but if the other stuff is still there, then it's still going to happen."

"Oh, that's a happy thought," said Marco. "Rachel dying and we don't know what kills her."

"I'd keep your mouth shut," I said, going on in the darker print. "This says you're after her."

"Does anyone survive?" asked Cassie, exasperated. I closed the book and shrugged.

"Personally, I don't want to know." I said. "This is bull."

"Well, you got that much right," said Rachel. "But you never told us who Menashin was." I felt a chill go up my spine. Even now, any mention of that... bastard's name did that to me. Cold pain rush through my legs, tightening every nerve in my body.

"Menashin," I said slowly, trying to choose my words carefully. "Was Crayak's apprentice. Like Drode, only different. He came from my world and was training to destroy the dimensions when I came across his plans."

"What happened?" asked Jake.

"He... was killed." My hand clenched together and I dug my fingernails into my palm until I felt the skin break. Anything to divert my mind from the memories. "I'm sorry," I said finally. "I don't remember much. I was only eight." Didn't remember much, HA! I wished I could forget everything, but it's impossible.

Suddenly, the alarm in my watch went off. It was almost nine.

"Listen," I said, rising to my feet. "I need to try and find out where my house is in relation to, you know, my world. That could take awhile."

"Sarah, do you know if you can still morph?"

"Probably not. Crayak was pissed as hell. I wouldn't be surprised if he's blown up a few minor planets by now." Rachel raised an eyebrow.

"Are you sure Visser Three knows your human?" she asked.

"Whoa, wait a minute," said Jake. "He knows _what_?"

"In the battle today, Visser Three knew I was human and he knew my name. It makes sense now, once you figure out my powers come from Crayak. Ten to one, the metal-headed creep told him, or at least put the information in his brain."

"If he knows, then you can't go home," said Marco. "Your parents are probably already Controllers."

"Marco, is your head nearly ornamental?" I asked pointedly. "Does the phrase 'I come from a different dimension' mean nothing to you?" He frowned.

"Oh yeah, right." I threw my arms up in frustraion.

"And I thought Mark was bad," I muttered. "Alright, listen, I won't go to my house, where ever the hell it is. I can survive in the woods."

"Yeah right," murmured Marco. I glared at him.

"Don't test me."

You can stay in the forest with us, said Ax. But if you do not have the ability to morph anymore, then we will have to find you a way back to your world.

Assuming that's possible, said Tobias. I grinned.

"First of all, just because I'm assuming I can't morph doesn't mean I can't. Secondly, I don't need morphing to fight, that just makes it more fun."

Chapter 4

The sun started to set over the mountains. I stretched out on the tree limb and leaned against the trunk. So much for a normal day. Mind you, my life was never anywhere normal(what does that mean, anyway? To have a normal life must be a real challenge, so technically, if you try to lead a normal life, you're not because your doing things other people aren't. Just a thought), but still, the day had been more off then I expected.

My backpack was hanging from the branch just above my head, so I reached into it and pulled out a handleless, cordless phone. Like a cell phone, only more advanced. I _told_ you my world was different.

The small signal for e-mail/voice mail was flashing in the lower corner. Oh, did I mention it has the wireless Internet too? Sorry if I didn't. Let's see, three forwards from Allie("Sign here if an Exorcist was present @ your siblings birth", "100 ways to kill a slime mold[?]", and "just because i can", which wasn't really a forward), one from Alay(Where the hell are you?!), and one from Laura, my best friend who doesn't know how to title e-mail. There was a voice mail from my mom too, so I took that first.

"Sarah(she said my middle and last names, btw, but you can't know those)! Why aren't you in school?! Where are you?! We're all worried

sick!"

"Crayak, you bastard," I muttered, hitting her number on speed dial.
"Hey mom."

"Sarah! Where are you?!"

"Whoa, chill, I'm okay," I said, pulling the earpiece of the headset away when she started yelling. "Calm down. I'm sorry I skipped school, but some stuff came up."

"What can be more important then your education?!"

Saving the world, I thought to myself. "Just stuff, okay? Tell Bri and Marie I said hi."

"Wait! Don't you hang up on me young lady! I'm seri-"

"Chichi eat your heart out," I muttered, opening my e-mail. None of Allie's made sense, even the last one, which was the information on Dragon Ball Z I needed for my next fic, not that anything Anime makes any really sense mind you. Alay's was basically the same as my converstaion with my mother and Laura's was a toned down version of both. I was just about to shut it off and try to get some sleep (yes in a tree. Have a problem with that?) when there was a low beep. "Yo. Sarah here."

"There you are, sun bunny." Oh, gag me on a sharp stick. Mark. Geez. Think... Marco's double in my world, with a lot less brains. I know Marco's IQ totals thirty, but Mark's is pretty damn close to about point thirty, so it evens out.

"Hey, Mark," I said, turning to visual. "What's up?"

"Just worried about my one and only. You didn't show up for classes."

"I... was side tracked. I probably won't be in school for awhile."

"My poor sweet sugar." Ewww! This was making me sick! But what could I do? Mark and I were very close (and actually dating at the time) so I didn't have the heart to tell him to shut the hell up. "But what could side track you?"

"Nothing I can't handle, hon. Don't worry about me. I'm a big girl, I can take care of myself."

"I _always_ worry about you." His voice took a slightly different tone, which scared me because it sounded almost sane, then went back to the sappy give-me-an-air-sick-bag voice. "You take care, alright? And hurry back. I miss you ever so much."

"Miss you too. Bye." I switched it off and felt a gag come up in my throat. Then I heard Marco laughing hysterically. "Hey! Don't you know it's not polite to listen to other people's phone cenversations."

"Sorry... sun bunny!" I pulled one of my gym shoes out of my bag and dropped it on his head. "Ow!"

"If I ever hear that from you again, I'm gonna beat your face in," I threatened. "So what brings you and your hyena laugh out here?"

"Just seeing how you were doing," he said coolly, still grinning like the jackass he was meant to be. "So who was that? Your boyfriend?"

"You bet," I said. "Apparently I haven't lost connections with home."

"What is that thing anyway?"

"AT&T's latest product. My mom works there, so we get to test everything."

"What is it?"

"Wireless Internet, video cell phone, hands free and cordless. It comes in pretty handy when switching dimensions."

"So what does it to?"

"Let's see. I just checked my e-mail, was yelled at by my mom for skipping school and vanishing completely, and had a nice talk with Mark before you had to come in," I answered. It came back on by itself, meaning I was getting a call. Probably my mom again. "Here. Come and see." I pulled him onto the branch next to me and hit the sigil. "Yo. Sarah here."

"Hey blondie," said Allie with a laugh. "So where exactly are you? Your mother's running everywhere, hysterical 'cause she can't find you."

"I met a weird guy in the woods who said I was the only one capable of stopping the Yeerks, but I had to change dimensions, so I did, and then I found out Visser Three has a twin who knows I'm a human Animorph."

"Deep," she said. "Hold on, I've got Alay on the other line. I'll switch to her." She faded out, leaving a slightly pissed off Alay.

"And where the hell are you?!" she yelled. I grinned.

"You wouldn't believe me if I tried. But here, look who's with me." I moved it between me and Marco and for a split second, I thought she might pass out.

"No way..." she muttered. "It's not possible."

"It is now," I said cheerfully. "Look, I gotta go. This is gonna cost me a ton, since the price for interdimensional calls just keeps going up these days, so I'll talk to you later."

"Hey! Wait a minute! You have to promise you won't do anything stupid."

"Too late," murmured Marco. I pushed him off the branch and leaned

back against the trunk with my legs on the branch.

"No prob. Trust me. I'll be back before you know it."

"Yeah right. Just _be careful_."

"Alright _mother_, I'll be careful. See ya, Alay."

"Yup. Bye." This time, I turned it off and stuck into my backpack.

"Alay and Allie are two of my friends from back home," I said down to Marco. "_Now_ do you believe me?"

"Sort of, except that one chic looked a lot like Rachel."

"Alay? You betcha. She's a Rachel freak and has every personality trait of her too, other then the morphing capablilites." I looked down at him and grinned. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"Nah, I'm fine," he said. "Sarah, can I ask you something?"

"Shoot." I pulled out my hair brush and undid the small ponytail. My hair is short, only about to my chin, but I can still pull it back.

"What you said about that Menashin guy... what really happened to him?" I sighed and yanked hard to get out a knot in my hair.

"He was finally brought down by a seven year old who had no idea who he was. Originally, Menashin had to capture the girl and bring her to Crayak, but... it wasn't supposed to happen like that."

"So he's gone?"

"Sort of." I looked up at the sky and saw all of the stars twinkling in the dark sky. Thanks to the mountains, we were at almost complete darkness. I'm sort of an astronomy fanatic, so seeing so many stars in one place, so bright, was an aweing experience.

"What are you looking at?" asked Marco. I pointed to a particualrly bright one just above us.

"Venus," I said. "Mars. Mercury, Jupiter and Saturn."

"The planets. So what?"

"So what?! Where I come from, you can't see half of these stars. Being able to see all this is like... I don't what it would be like for you. Winning the MVP at a professional basketball game or something."

"That _would_ be pretty cool." He grinned, but I frowned. There was another star. And it _wasn't_ a planet. "What's up?"

"I think I found Menashin," I said, shifting around so I could get a better view. "My people believe that anyone who is predominatly good or predominatly evil all become stars. Those that have saved others out of the pure goodness of their heart, not wanting any kind of reward in return, are the planets. And the creator of the universe

lives as the sun."

"Whoa," he said. "That's deep. And you actually believe this?"

"Course not. I know the stars are all big gaseous balls of helium and hydrogen out somewhere in the middle of space, but still, when you have faith in something that's not scientific, it gives you hope that maybe survival isn't so far away. Come up here again." He did, with some difficulty (reaching a tree branch is hard when as short as Marco) and I pointed to one that was just below the moon. "I always told my brother that's where my dad was."

"What happened to your dad?"

"He was killed, in a battle with some Hork-Bajir." I took my necklace out. It was a circle of silver with a zodiac sign and my birthday engraved into it. "He gave this to me when I seven, just before he died. It's always brought me luck."

"Not today it didn't," he said after a moment's pause. I laughed.

"Not really, no."

Chapter 5

You can still morph?

Yup. Is that a problem?

Not at all. I sunk my claws into the tree branch and let my tail hang down. But don't do that to me.

Do what, Tobias? I asked innocently, knowing very well what I had done.

Sarah, you're a panther in the middle of an American forest. Think about that.

Hmm. You have a point. I demorphed and sat on the branch. "Hi."

Your one weird girl.

"Thanks. Did you sleep well?"

Yeah, until I woke up to a panther looking at me hungrily.

"Well, I haven't eaten in a few days. Besides, I can't help how the animal looks. I'm simply inside its head." He laughed.

Alright, I'll give you that much. But why are you up so early?

"I haven't slept past sunrise in... three years. It comes with the past. I should've been up at least two hours ago, but I up late last night."

Did you have a nice talk with Marco? I didn't particularly like the tone of his... voice.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Listen, I know we haven't actually known you for as long as we think, but I don't believe that's changed how Marco thinks of you.

"Marco... likes me?" That came as a complete shock. I guess I hadn't really thought about that, but now that I did, I remembered he had sounded sort of disappointed when I said Mark was my boyfriend. "Ohhhkay."

You honestly hadn't picked that up yet?!

"Tobias, I've been here a total of two days. I'm still trying to sort out exactly why I came here in the first place."

To save your dimension? I sighed and jumped down.

"Has anyone ever told you you can be a complete pain?" I asked, raking my fingers through my hair. "Look, I'm gonna go get something to eat. If anyone shows up asking for me, other than Jake, Rachel, Cassie, Ax, or Marco, tell them I'm gone."

Sarah... who's gonna ask a bird?

"You'd be surprised." I jumped to the ground and walked along the trail out of the woods. Thoughts ran through my head. How could I possibly do anything now? I was a pawn, nothing more than. Rrgghh, it made me so angry! I hated when I couldn't fight against odds that made no sense. _I want so badly to win,_ I thought. _That's what got my dad killed. Why can't I just live with what happens?_

Your heart is that of a true warrior, just like the other Animorphs. I stopped dead in my tracks, recognizing the voice almost instantly. I had heard it before, deep inside of a dream.

"Elimist," I asked. "There's nothing even you can do. I'm a fighter from the wrong side. I don't know what to do. He can control me, he's already shown that's possible." There was no answer. Oh, damn him. He says one thing, then leaves. Geez! Okay, it's official: the Elimist is a guy.

I paused at the edge of town and pulled my baseball cap out. It didn't like my ponytail, so I took that out. There. If those bloody Yeerks wanted me, let them come. I could still morph. I could still kick ass. Until Crayak showed up and then I was screwed.

The town was already busy at six thirty in the morning. It reminded me so much of home as I made my way to a Starbucks on a corner. A morning chill hung in the air and the guy behind the counter was giving me evil looks, meaning he was either a controller or a controller. Tough choice there.

"I'll have a bagel and an Irish Cream Soda," I said, sitting on the stool by the counter. "Please, hold the rat poison."

"Andalite trash," he muttered.

"Buddy, I'm 100 percent human." He glared at me, but got my order and I left, even paying him a tip for not attempting to kill me. Well,

you gotta have an open mind occasionally.

It was quiet in the park, so I sat on a bench and watched the ducks swim. There wasn't a thing making sense at this point in time. I wanted to destroy the Yeerks and keep my world from becoming Crayak's. But how could I when I didn't have a choice but to fight _for_ him? Damn my morales, damn them all to hell! Why did I have to have a sense of honor?

For some reason, I started humming a song I remembered my dad used to sing to me when I was worried about something. It's called 'Caged Bird'. I actually really like it. There was a rustling sound behind me and I jumped up, mid note. Two Hork-Bajir!

"Come quietly," said one. "Back to your world."

"Kieesa," I growled. "What's with beating up kids, buddy? I thought even Yeerks had dignity."

"The Yeerks will prevail. Here and there," said the second I didn't recognize. "You're the only thing that stands in the way."

The end

Yes, I understand it suddenly drops off, but time's a little short for those of us that have to write and post without the Internet. Ummâ€¦ thanks to Forlay, for listening (again) through writer's block, only this time it was more Anime related stuff, even though this got in there occasionally. Umâ€¦ hmmâ€¦ What did I want to say? Oh. The first one was sort of rushed, hence the oddness. I liked this better because it was bit more toned down, less hyper, and well, a little more realistic compared to my life. Thanks for reading!

Added note: I didn't run spell check on half of this because this computer is EVIL! Bya!

End
file.